The Motto thus: *Sic ſpectanda fides.*

The ſixt Knight.

King. And what's the ſixt and laſt, the which the Knight himſelfe with ſuch a gracefull courteſie deliuered?

Thai. He ſeemes to be a ſtranger: but his Preſent is
A withered Branch, that's onely greene at top;
The Motto, *In hac ſpe viuo.*

King. A pretty morrall; from the deiected ſtate wherein hee is, he hopes by you his fortunes yet may flouriſh.

1. *Lord.* He had need meane better then his outward ſhew can any way ſpeake in his iuſt commend: For by his ruſty out-ſide, he appeares to haue practiſed more the Whipſtocke, then the Lance.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a ſtranger, for he comes to an honord triumph ſtrangely furniſht.

3. *Lord.* And on ſet purpoſe let his armour ruſt
Vntill this day, to ſcowre it in the duſt.

King. Opinion's but a foole, that makes vs ſcan
The outward habite, by the inward man.
But ſtay, the Knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallery.

Great ſhoutes, and all cry, The meane Knight.

Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to ſay you'r welcome, were ſuperfluous.
I place vpon the volume of your deeds,
As in a Title page, your worth in armes;
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,
Since euery worth in ſhew commends it ſelfe:
Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a feaſt.
You are Princes, and my gueſts.

Thai. But you my Knight and gueſt,
To whom this wreathe of victory I giue,
And crowne you King of this daies happineſſe.

Per. Tis more by fortune (Lady) then by merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is yours,
And heere, I hope, is none that enuies it:

In

In framing an Artiſt, Art hath thus decreed,
To make ſome good, but others to exceed,
And you her laboured ſcholler: come Queene o
For (daughter) ſo you are, here take your place
Martiall the reſt, as they deſerue their grace.

Knights. VVe are honoured much by good K

King. Your preſence glads our daies, honour
For who hates honour, hates the Gods aboue.

Marſh. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1. *Knight.* Contend not ſir, for we are gentlem
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Enuie the great, nor do the low deſpiſe.
You are right courteous Knights.

King. Sit, ſit, ſit.
By *Ioue* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
Theſe Cates reſiſt me, he not thought vpon.

Thai. By *Iuno* (that is Queene of Marriage)
All Viands that I eate do ſeeme vnſauory,
Wiſhing him my meate: ſure hee's a gallant ge

King. Hee's but a country gentleman: has d
Then other Knights haue done, has broken a ſta
Or ſo; let it paſſe.

Thai. To me he ſeemes Diamond to Glaſſe.

Per. Yon King's to me, like to my fathers pic
VVhich tels me in that glory once he was,
And Princes ſat like ſtars about his Throne,
And he the Sunne, for them to reuerence;
None that beheld him, but like leſſer lights,
Did vaile their Crownes to his ſupremacy;
VVhere now his ſonne like a Glo-worme in th
The which hath fire in darkneſſe, none in light:
VVhereby I ſee that time's the King of men,
For hee's their Parents, and he is their graue,
And giues them what he will, not what they cr

King. VVhat, are you merry, Knights?

Knights. VVho can be other in this royall pre